

1948

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1948 *B*

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING

Chicago, Illinois

The touch of human hands,
That is the boon we ask;
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

—Thomas Curtis Clark





DR. FRED E. BALL

The class of 1948B dedicates this book to Dr. Fred E. Ball, in sincere appreciation of his constant interest in the welfare of St. Luke's student nurses. Through his generous giving of time and effort we now have one of the finest school health services to be found. We have in Dr. Ball a very real friend.



ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL



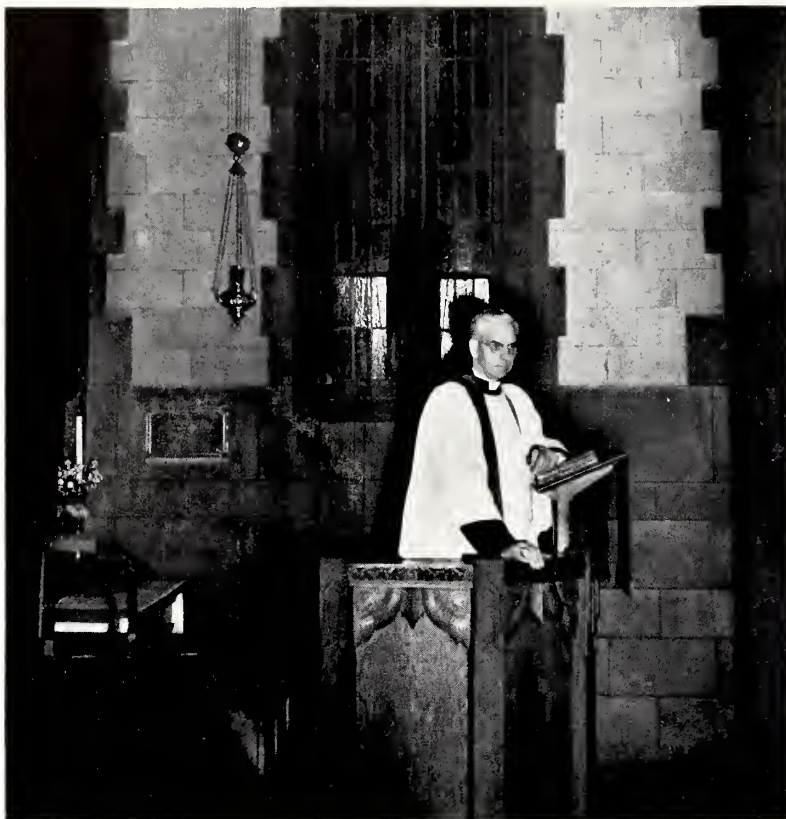
MISS MADELEINE McCONNELL

Director of School of Nursing
and Nursing Service

MR. LEO M. LYONS

Director
St. Luke's Hospital





So many moments to remember here: wearing our first uniforms, capping, receiving junior crosses and senior linen, baccalaureate, and the beautiful going-out services . . .

Father Travis and his many words of quiet encouragement . . .

Grace Chapel—truly a haven of peace in the hubbub of hospital life.





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Stella Konecko
Laetitia Roe
Helen Rutherford
Marie Steinke
Gladys Tiegs
Evelyn Van de Steeg

"Who had gloves last night?"
New ideas
Whatta memory!
She's seen everything
A new favorite
Meticulous
Smilingly calm
A good Joe
7:10 setups
Sweet and immaculate
Wit and warmth
"I'll be back later!"
First-rate GU gal
The firemen's pride
Perfect aplomb

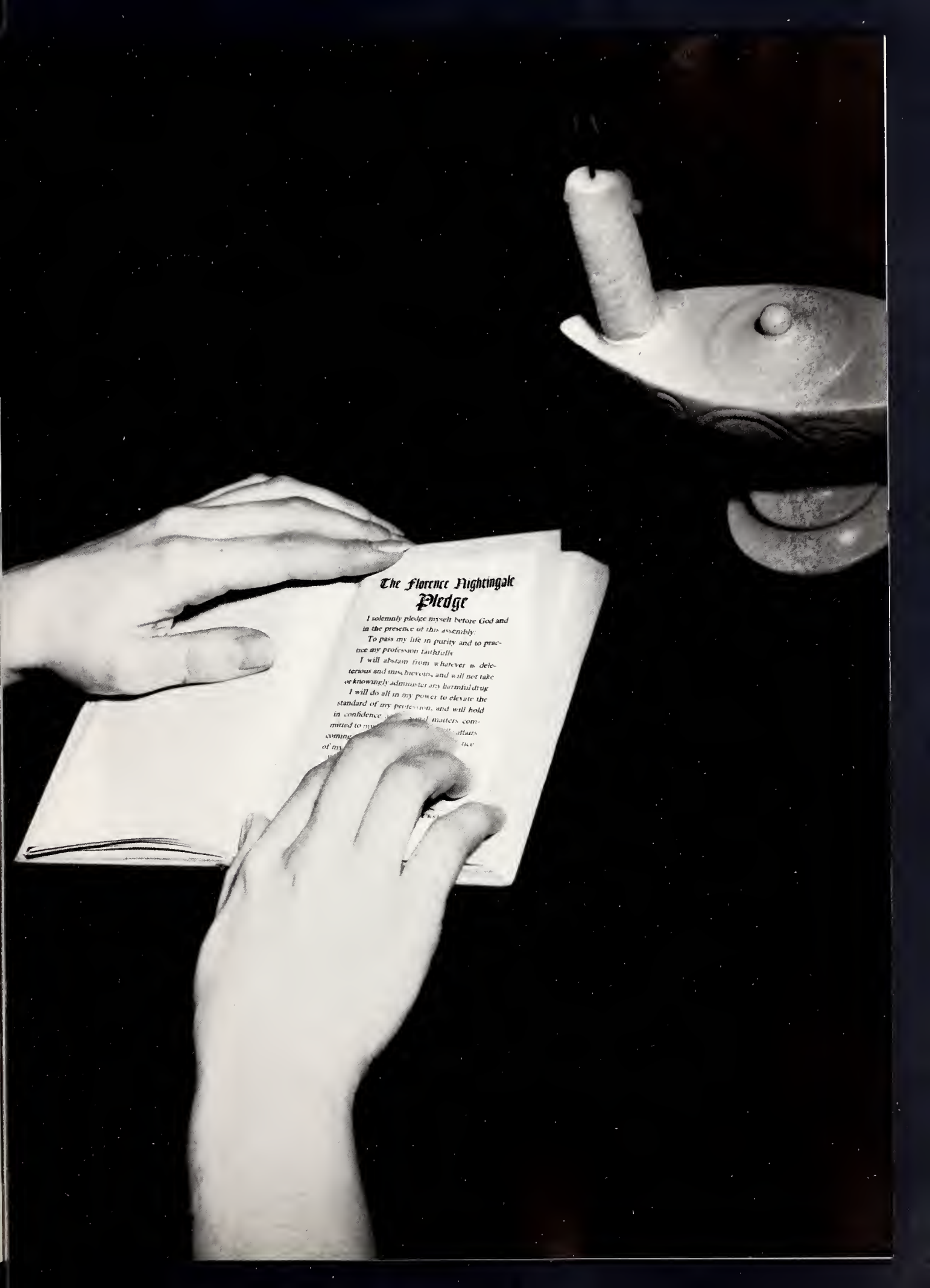
Head Nurses

Helen Colberg
Ona Eger
Nora Galke
Frances Geddo
Dorothy Godin
Marian Hermance
Eliza Marske
Stacey Mesec
Marian Miller
Margaret Munro
Lucille Narva
Dorothy Postlewaite
Doris Ray
Jean Sollitt
Shirley Stansbury
Margaret Swanson
Florence Wolf
Sarah Zeeman

Friendly
Efficiency plus
Perfectionist
Quickie
Hurrah for love!
Smiles
"I don't know what we're going to do!"
Organizer
Fashion plate
Goldilocks
Unruffled
Serene
Honeychile
Always ready for a laugh
Reserved
Traveler
Children cry for her!
Give me my boots and saddle

Neither the naked hand
Nor the understanding,
Left to itself, can do much;
The work is accomplished
By instrument and helps,
Of which the need is not
Less for the understanding
Than the hand.

—Francis Bacon



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and
in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to prac-
tice my profession faithfully

I will abstain from whatever is dele-
terious and mischievous, and will not take
or knowingly administer any harmful drug

I will do all in my power to elevate the
standard of my profession, and will hold
in confidence all matters com-
mitted to me in professional affairs
coming in the course of my duty
of my patients

ADRIENNE
ALLISON

Don't rush through
this life—the next
may be worse.



BERNICE
BOCHMAN

The House I live
with.



BONNIE
BAKER

Her eyes speak vol-
umes, and they're
easily read.



LOIS
BUCHANAN

Who? Why?
Where? When?
What? No! Not
really!



SHIRLEY
BIRCH

She's little but she's
wise.



MARILYN
CHAPMAN

A friendly word for
all.



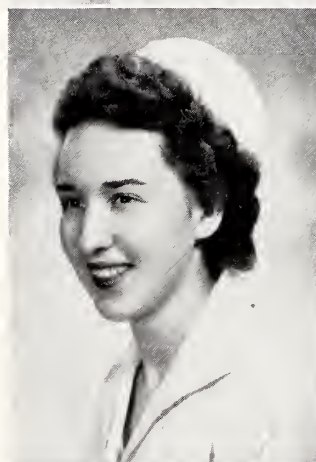
JANE
CHAPPELEAR
Slow and easy is my
motto.



MARILYN
DOEGE
A phantom of de-
light . . .



JANE
CORNWELL
Make us happy, and
make us good.



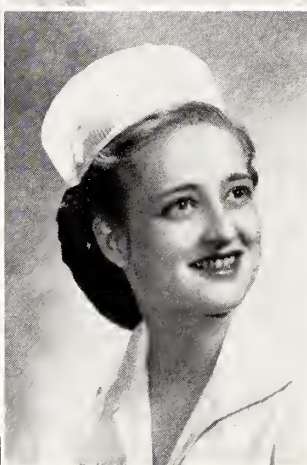
AILEEN
ERICKSON
There's mischief in
her eyes.



LORRAINE
DAVELIS
And they lived
happily ever after.



LILLIAN
FEDDERSEN
To "Hal" with it all!



BEVERLY
FIEGE

How will Luke's
ever get along with-
out her?



MARION
HAINES

Live and let live.



DOROTHY
FOY

A perfect woman,
nobly planned, to
warm, to comfort,
and command.



HARRIET
HOLTOM

With malice toward
none.



NAOMI
FREVERT

An aid in anything
she does.



BARBARA
JOHNSON

A more generous
soul never lived.



CATHERINE
KEEFE

The restless modern
lass.



ARTIS
LONG

Art is long, but life
is short.



CAROL
KLEISER

Miller's Highlife!



EUNICE
MacPHAIL

St.-"Louie" Blues.



PHYLLIS
LIND

A treasure in her-
self.



DOROTHY
MENNECKE

A heart of gold.



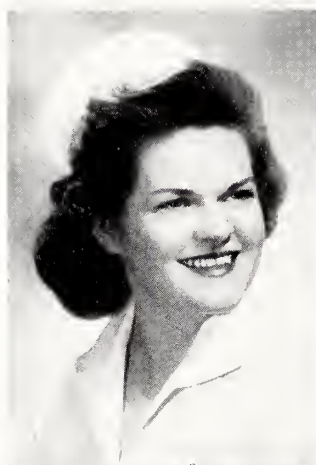
META JANE
MIETHE
Our party-party
girl.



KATHERINE
OLIVER
I said it, and I'm
glad!



JEAN
MILLARD
For Pete's sake!



NORMA
PLATT
Flyin' high!



LORRAINE
NICOLAI
A quick simplicity



ANNA
REISS
Seven no-trump!



PALMALEA
RENNIE

Hey, kids, let's have
a party!



LOIS
SCHROYER

Smoke gets in my
eyes . . .



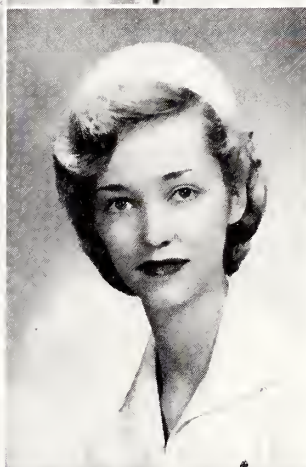
ELEANOR
RETZA

Did you ever see her
without a smile?



BETTE
SOVINSKI

They say gentlemen
prefer blondes—
lucky girl!

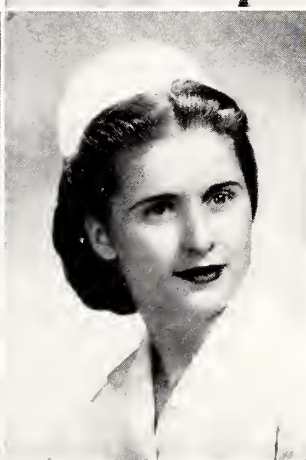


RUTH
SCHNEHAGE

Many moods,
altered by men and
music.

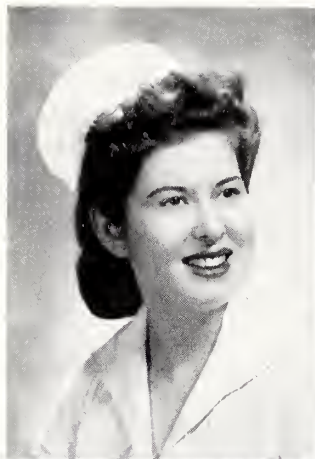


CATHERINE
STERNS
Cal-don-cha



CONSTANCE
TOCOUE

Well, sit down. It's
a long story . . .



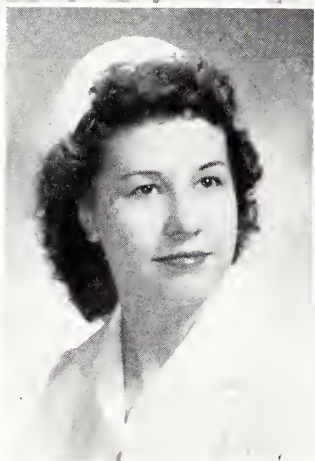
CAROL
WITT

Beauty and brains
are an unbeatable
combination.



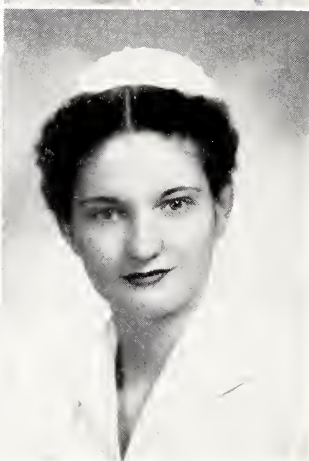
AVONNE
WELTY

Jet-propelled.



HELEN
YOUNG

Slender, tender and
tall.





Here you are now—the 49A's at the top of the heap. We've never welcomed any incoming class as we did you; you were the first to separate us from the ignominy of being at the absolute bottom of things. We've worked closely with many of you; we've watched with a great deal of interest as you followed the same paths we took; and we wish you luck and happiness as the top seniors. See you soon in whites!



CLASS OF 1949B



CLASS OF 1950A



CLASS OF 1950B



CLASS OF 1951A

We live through hands

—Margaret Duncan Drave

Freshman

46

Junior

47

Seniors

148





Our first glimpses of Stickney as we climbed unending stairs;
 How it felt to see those dingy rooms and iron chairs;
 Eight hours of classes every day, and scads of homework dour;
 And hide and seek with "Andy" during most of study hour.
 Remember every Monday throwing laundry down the "well"?
 And just one phone for all of us, which we all swore was . . .
 The wonder of first uniforms, and the horror of white hose;
 The panic of procedures, and how you simply froze;
 That long-lost Christmas vacation, now tucked away in dreams;
 The hopes and fears, and toil and tears, and our ambitious schemes.
 Impossible it's just three years—a million's what it seems!

O land of tea and glucose,
 And diabetics by the score,
 Where streams of chocolate milkshakes
 Shall run forevermore,
 Where Chapman fixed her first baked eggs
 And never lived them down;
 Where stately Florence held full sway
 And Art was Old King Clown,
 Remember dummies heaped with trays
 Never failing to go wrong?
 Remember eating breakfast late
 And nibbling all day long?
 We didn't give much nursing care
 But life was really quite a song.





The way Geza could burn;
The way gloves wouldn't turn;
The way I strove to learn—
OR, you can't take those away from me.

I may never, never clean again
Chandler's chisels and Rongeurs;
But I won't forget his stately mien
In a hundred years, that's sure.

The view from M-19 at night;
Damp-dusting every light;
Bronchoscopy's green sight;
OR, you'll never leave my memory.

Mopping Eric Oldberg's brow;
Strohl's mutton tallow NOW;
The "duckpond's" mess, and how!
OR, you'll always be these things to me.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through OB
 Not a doctor in sight, and no babies-to-be;
 When the elevator doors sprang apart with a clatter
 And I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.
 Then to my wondering eyes did appear
 A mother in labor, and Doc Crawford, the dear!
 He called down the hall, "She's had some before!"
 Which probably means gravida 5, para 4.
 Call up Miss Dwyer—tell her to run;
 But she's busy on 9, for they're having one.
 Prepping's all finished; the patient's now ready;
 Contractions are regular, painful and steady.
 In comes Finola, fresh out of bed;
 Here in ten minutes—how he must have sped!
 We need a scrub nurse—which one is on call?
 Here she comes now, turban and all.
 Six minutes later the baby is born,
 He's here just in time to greet Christmas morn.
 A word from Finola as he sprints out of sight—
 "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"





Sing a song of pabulum, and oleum and such;
 Of little girls with fuzzy curls, and boys who ate too much;
 Of holding harelips by the hour, and dropper-feedings, too;
 Of sodden linen a half hour, and diaper cans—peeuh!
 Of precious Bobbie Lape, and all the countless others
 Who wormed themselves into our hearts, and made us feel like mothers.
 Of the shocked surprise it was to find how strong those little chillun
 Could be when suddenly they spied a nurse with penicillin!
 Of cocoa every night that never tasted twice the same;
 Of playing ball, and school, and house, and every sort of game;
 Of chicken pox, and T and A's, and scarlet fever, too—
 The unexpected was the rule, with always something new;
 Of Rister's needle count, and Ernestine, that dusky queen;
 And the tiniest little "preemies" anyone has ever seen;
 Of little voices shrilling "Nurse!", and bad dreams in the night;
 Of pillow fights in 807—that room was such a sight!

Yes, sing a song of "Peds"; for though they sometimes drove us wild
 We've never found replacement for the antics of a child.



I remember, I remember, the days I spent in Psych
 Where many a schiz and manic roamed at will,
 Where doors were locked, and windows too, and belts were never
 worn,
 And the "Quiet" rooms were anything but still.

I remember, I remember, as though it were today
 How endless were reports on Monday morn,
 And being assigned to insulin on any August day
 Could make you wish you never had been born.

I remember, I remember, rounds a half hour through the night,
 And the draperies' ghostly flutter down the hall;
 And marking clothes the whole night long 'til every finger
 ached;
 And seeing things in shadows on the wall.

I remember, I remember, how Miss Roe won every heart
 With her kindliness and constant understanding;
 She somehow brought out all the best there was in each of us
 Though no one ever thought she was demanding.



Once upon a distant time we left our St. Luke's home;
 Down some very weary miles we found that we must roam.
 At length we passed the Criminal Court, the Bridewell and the rest,
 And viewed at last dear old Contage, still hoping for the best.
 What did we find? Well, first of all, that luscious home-made bread
 (But as for all the other food, we wished the cooks were dead).
 How nice it was to have a bath for each two private rooms
 (But what a big improvement if the maids had just used brooms!).
 Miss Logan and the "whoopers" kept us happy all day long
 (But with Miss Schultz in Form Lab we sang a different song!);
 His Majesty King Hoyne and all the other docs were sweet
 (But their isolation technique was not so hard to beat);
 It sure was fun in summertime to have the grass and trees
 (But oh, in wintertime we learned just how it feels to freeze!);
 So, all in all, it wasn't hard to leave Contage behind
 Even days on M-11 we found we didn't mind!

On an evening dark and dreary
While I pondered, weak and weary
Over forgotten orders on a chart,
Down the hall I took to gazing
And beheld each light ablazing;
Terror struck into my craven heart.

Which IV has gone subq?
Is the oxygen snafu?
Can Mrs. Brown have fallen out of bed?
Are the catheters still dripping?
Can 9's restraints have started slipping?
Is Mrs. Jones again out of her head?

Is there bleeding from 11?
Can 17 have gone to heaven?
And is 06 in diabetic coma?
I suppose 19 the pan awaits,

Or worse, suppose she *didn't* wait!
Are burning rectal tubes that strange aroma?

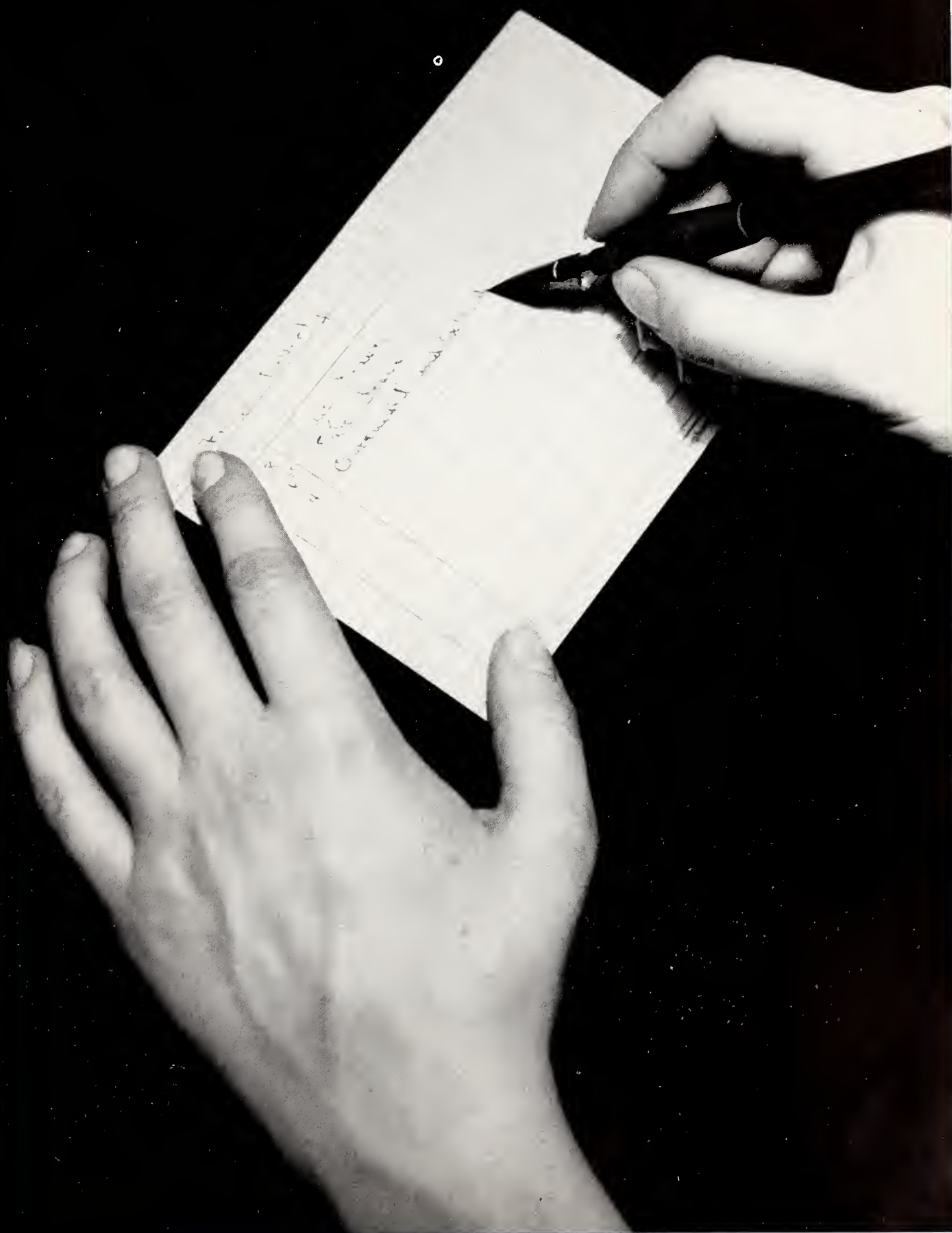
Alas, while I dashed yon and hither
Trying to becalm the dither,
Internes sneaked by dozens to the floor;
Ate our candy, took our butter,
Left the desk an awful clutter,
Filled the charts with orders by the score.

And when at last the mess was straight
(Making me just two hours late)
Oath this senior from her heart-depths,
 nevermore!
But these woes soon fall behind her;
I suspect that you may find her
At St. Luke's a charge nurse—evermore!



We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

—Thomas Curtis Clark





RYERSON LOUNGE, SCHWEPPE HOUSE



KIMONA LOUNGE



STRIPED ROOM, SCHWEPPE HOUSE



Our hostesses: Miss Edith Morgan, Mrs. Louise Anderson and Miss Frances McQuilan
Not shown: Mrs. Alleyne Carey, Miss Margaret Hern, Mrs. Ann Hawkins and Miss Sallie Foster.

JUNIOR - SENIOR PROMS



STEVENS HOTEL, MAY 10, 1947



STEVENS HOTEL, MAY 1, 1948



Awards

The Mrs. Charles H. Marse Award to the most outstanding nurse in theory and practice

BETTY JO WILLIAMS

Honorable mention: Martha Malster, Naomi Frevert, Ayeliffe Schaible, Carol Witt, Geraldine Wilsan, Phyllis Lind, Jerama Zach

The Martha Hughitt McCullaugh Memorial Award to the most outstanding nurse in bedside nursing

MARTHA JANE MALSTER

Honorable Mention: Naomi Frevert, Shirley Birch, Betty Ja Williams, Carol Witt, Phyllis Lind, Kathleen Martell, Geraldine Wilsan, Virginia Baker, Esther Sanchez, Jerama Zach, Ayeliffe Schaible

The A. Watson Armaur Award to one of the two most outstanding nurses in medical and surgical nursing

CAROL LOUISE WITT

Honorable Mention: Betty Ja Williams, Virginia Baker, Phyllis Lind

The Medical Staff Award to one of the two most outstanding nurses in medical and surgical nursing

NAOMI MARGUERITE FREVERT

Honorable Mention: Betty Ja Williams, Virginia Baker, Phyllis Lind

The Waman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital Award to the most outstanding nurse in pediatric nursing

SHIRLEY LOUISE BIRCH

Honorable Mention: Naomi Frevert, Betty Ja Williams, Lois Schroyer, Frances Oliver, Jeanne Giese, Kathleen Martell, Phyllis Lind, Martha Malster

The Waman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital Award to the most outstanding nurse in operating room nursing

ELAINE GEORGIAN KOEHLER

Honorable Mention: Martha Malster, Helen Wilsan, Genevieve Heardan, Ayeliffe Schaible, Phyllis Rand, Alma Herman, Geraldine Wilsan, Darathy Perry, Jerama Zach

The Harriet Fulmer Award to the nurse with the highest scholastic standing in her class

BETTY JO WILLIAMS

Honorable Mention: Ayeliffe Schaible, Phyllis Lind, Geraldine Wilsan, Helen Lorraine Wilsan, Helen Young

The Charles H. Schweppe Memorial Award to the most outstanding nurse in psychiatric nursing

AYELIFFE SCHAIBLE

Honorable Mention: Betty Ja Williams, Martha Malster, Jeanne Giese, Naomi Frevert, Genevieve Heardan, Esther Sanchez, Jerama Zach, Dalores Knicely, Harriet Haltam, Mary Stanbraugh, Geraldine Wilsan, Carol Witt

The Mrs. Jahn W. Gary Award from the Waman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital to the most outstanding nurse in obstetrical nursing

ANNA MARY REISS

Honorable Mention: Betty Ja Williams, Carol Witt, Geraldine Wilsan, Ayeliffe Schaible, Phyllis Lind, Naomi Frevert, Aileen Ericksan, Kathleen Martell

Prophecy



To see into the future takes much thought. Think with me, and our minds will be as one. I place my hands upon the crystal ball. As the mist clears, I see . . .

Revolutionary reforms in nursing education introduced by the eminent Katherine Oliver, RN, BS, MA, PhD, PU.

Marilyn Doege's famous models, Doege's Dollies, presenting the latest creations of Mme. Kay de la Keefe in her elite Paris salon.

The most recent medical discovery, "Teepee Cure for Ailing TBs," originated by Heap Big Cough Schnehage! Upon request, this cure will be rushed to you by the J. Chapplelear Tricycle Service, Inc. (write to 403 Consumption Drive, Sputum Valley, Idaho).

The world acclaiming "Miss Photoflash of 1958"—the former Connie Tocque.

Gourmets appraising Pete's Pizzo Palace, operated by Pete and wife, the former Jean Millard.

All in need of expert pet nursing service contacting Lois Schroyer and Phyllis Lind of the VNA (Veterinary Nurses' Aids).

'Fudge' Fiege, famed emcee of the "Asa" Club, making a smash hit with her sensational new star, Tootsie LaRue. This latest and brightest protege of Fudge's is her former classmate, Carol Witt.

The Laing-Bland Production Co. paying a fabulous price for the movie rights for Shirley Birch's best-seller, **The Road to True Romance**.

Lillian Feddersen accepting the coveted position of Obstetrical and Gynecological Consultant at Brookfield Zoo.

Photographers crowding Grand Central Station to greet Fascinatia Frevert, star of stage, screen and television. Miss Frevert is accompanied by her Oscar and Miss Bette Sovinski, her eminent dramatic coach.

After-dinner speaker Lois Buchanan lecturing at two o'clock this afternoon to Main 8 Nursery. Her topic: "Geriatrics should begin where pediatrics leaves off!"

The "400" expanding to "500" to ccaommodate the St. Luke's alumni who will attend the International Ski Tournament to be held in Ishpeming, Michigan. Bets are high on the two leading contestants, Barbara Johnson and Aileen Erickson. To place your bets, go to Car 48, Compartment B, and ask for "Minnie" Mennecke.

Bernice Bochman House, spending her time writing that widely-read column, "How to be Happy Though Married."

Eunice McPhail, after years of personal experience, designing the house trailer of the future, "Ebert's Eden on Wheels."

Miss Catherine Sterns, chairman of the Finance Committee, presenting an address at the dedication of Buildings 1, 4, and 5 of Municipal Contagious Disease Hospital.

The prospective expansion of the Chicago police force, with the addition of Lorraine Davelis' little Cops.

Dorothy Foy and Harriet Holtom searching Lapland with their dogs, Blood and Saint (hound and Bernard, respectively). When asked the purpose of their quest, they replied, "Still looking, thank you!"

The original Chandler binder being replaced by Allison's Awkward Attire for Aching Backs. This product is being acclaimed by student nurses all over the country.

The football squad of SPU (Slim Pickins University) making sport headlines. They were coached by their ever-loving mother, the former Meta Jane Miethe.

Marilyn Chapman, taking leave of absence from her position with the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service to enter her horse, "E.D.C.", in the Kentucky Derby.

All Broadway acclaiming Marian Haines' production of "The Little Foxes."

Every American woman influenced by this soothing radio commercial: "Ladies—do you long for lovely linens for your trousseau? If so, write Norma Platt Long-Lasting Linen Company at once in care of this station!"

Artis Long becoming a junior member of the law firm of Jones, Jones, Jones, Jones & Jones (H.O., H.E., K.C., R.K., and Frank).

South African guide Eleanor Retza, as the first person to discover the burial ground of Pink Elephants!

The residents of the Rustic Retreat for the Retired—or just Tired—presenting its founder, Palmalea Rennie, with a gold crutch tip in commemoration of her 15 years of service. Miss Rennie retires to make final plans for her forthcoming marriage.

All good Buicks coming home to die at the A. Reiss New Buick Repair Shoppe.

Avonne Welty, campaigning for prohibition as national president of the WCTU.

The promotion of Jane Cornwell from cheerleader to referee for the Illinois State Basketball Conference.

The Oklahoma City Better Baby Bureau awarding top honors to the former Carol Kleiser for her raising of Sweet Williams.

A great boom in the sale of Dentyne, due to the dynamic singing commercials of our own Wee Bonnie Baker. Miss Lorraine Nicolai, president of the company, has donated her latest million to build the Nicolai Memorial Swimming Pool at Schweppe.

Helen Young, winning great acclaim as she swims the Cardinal ocean for the third and last time—puff, puff, puff!

We Will and Bequeath

Norma Platt: Her Chantilly cologne to Main 11 service room.
Helen Young: Her bongos to anyone who wants to imitate "Flot-Top."
Avonne Welty: Her irrepressible laugh to Miss Marske.
Constance Tocque: Her nervous energy to Jane Rosford.
Phyllis Lind: Her outstretched hand to all class treasurers.
Lois Schroyer: Anything she's got that anybody wants, to anyone who wants it.
Morilyn Chapman: Her musical voice to Sally Zeeman.
Lillian Feddersen: Her constant love to Barbara Shinbeckler.
Eunice MacPhail: Her schoolgirl complexion to Dr. Smith and the skin clinic.
Adrienne Allison: Her fantastic dreams to Dr. Solomon.
Beverly Fiege: Her inimitable style to all succeeding CGA presidents.
Lorraine Davelis Copp: Her marital bliss to Joon Weiss.
Meta Jane Miethe: Her fascination with diamonds to Morian Schulze.
Morilyn Doege: Her red hair to all those who want to remain "forever amber."
Anna Reiss: Her domestic ability to anyone who can get along without it.
Eleanor Retza: Her noivete to Barbara Brown.
Katherine Oliver: Her courage and convictions to all probies (use them sparingly—they're dynamite!).
Jane Choppeleor: Her "outside line calls" to Schweppe switchboard.
Jane Cornwell: Her silver streaks to the Rogers Bros. Silver Company.
Harriet Holtom: Her ingenuity and patience to Dr. Bell.
Catherine Sterns: Her "lines"—fishing and otherwise—to all who might be fishing.
Lorraine Nicolai: Her candid comments to all those who write efficiencies.
Naomi Frevert: An even half-dozen of her brothers to all future Schweppe donces.
Borbora Johnson: Her oatmeal cookies to the "Rose Room" in place of their prune whip.
Artis Long: Her passing fancies to the Lonely Hearts Club.
Jean Millard: Her lifelike dummies to the 49A class (for room check, that is!).
Morian Hoines: Her affinity for points away from St. Luke's to all homing pigeons.
Bette Sovinski: Her South Bend accent to Memphis.
Bonnie Boker: Her "butch" haircut to Kathryn Price.
Dorothy Foy: Her good grooming to all late risers.
Lois Buchanon: Her information bureau to the HNO.
Dorothy Mennecke: Her maidenly modesty and delicate blushes to the G-U boys.
Shirley Birch: Her collections of love magazines to Schweppe Library.
Aileen Erickson: Her subtle humor to the Good Humor Man.
Carol Witt: Her old coffee pot to all "old pots" in need of coffee.
Carol Kleiser: Her appreciation of good food to the dietary department.
Catherine Keefe: Her big brown eyes to Dr. Farley.
Polmoleo Rennie: Her everlasting hair net to anyone who can get one more year's wear out of it.
Bernice Bochmon House: Her contentment to Elsie.
Ruth Schnehope: Her pep to the Kellogg Company.



Senior picnic—who ever won that 19-4 (or was it 3) so-called ball game?

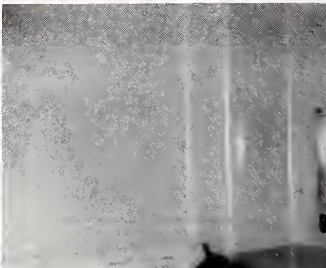


Remember that unbelievable morning when Miss Cardew served your melon, Louie Gdalan fixed your sausages, and Miss Gilbert poured your caffee, and that fantastic mament when Miss McConnell carried out your dishes? Senior breakfast—think I done died 'n' gone to hebben!

Dr. Schmidt
in general

Dr. Brown

Dr. Miller



Dr. Wright

Dr. Williams

Dr. Jones

Dr. Anderson
Dr. Taylor
Dr. Clark
Dr. Lewis
Dr. Hall



St. Luke's School Song

Oh, sing the praise of dear St. Luke's;
Shout 'til the rafters ring!
Stand and drink a toast once again;
Let every loyal Luke's nurse sing.
Then cheer to all the happy hours,
Sing to the carefree days,
Dear St. Luke's, our Alma Mater,
The school of our hearts always.

To the cap, to the cross, to the whites and
their glorious happiness;
To the youth, to the fire, to the life that
is moving and calling us;
To the hopes, to the goals, to the service
of God and humanity;
To the hearts, to the minds of those who
have traveled this way.

Oh, sing the praise of dear St. Luke's;
Shout 'til the rafters ring!
Stand and drink a toast once again;
Let every loyal Luke's nurse sing.
Then cheer to all the happy hours,
Sing to the carefree days,
Dear St. Luke's, our Alma Mater,
The school of our hearts always.

School Hymn

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stoy,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In faith that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen

—Washington Gladden, 1879

Probie Song

Is it true what they say about probies,
Are they green as the grass in the spring?
Do they all think they are Gorbos,
And Nightingales, 'n' such?
You can always tell a probie,
But you can't tell her much!
We're in training to be educated;
How the faculty can stand us we don't know.
But we're crazy about it;
There's no doubt about it;
Probies, here's to you!

Where To Find Us

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